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### Atlantic Guardian's Platform

- To make Newfoundland better known at home and abroad;
- To promote trade and travel in the Island;
- To encourage development of the Island's natural resources;
- To foster good relations between Newfoundland and her neighbors.

# Atlantic Guardian

## THE MAGAZINE OF NEWFOUNDLAND

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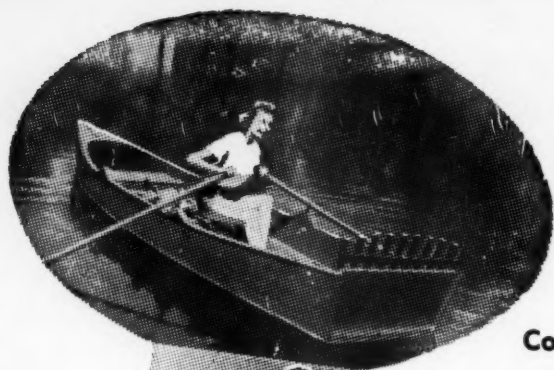
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Cover Picture: Marie Brown and her brother Jimmy—formerly of Corner Brook, now of Toronto—are just two of the thousands of Newfoundlanders who recently have migrated to the Queen City. And they can 'cut a mean rug' in the Canadian fashion, while Mr. and Mrs. Bob Brown look on! (See Photostory on page 24). Photo by Adelaide Leitch.



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by BRIAN CAHILL

● We want everybody to give us a wide berth these days because we have been mingling, in the line of duty, with the learned Fellows of the Royal Society of Canada. The Royal Society, as everyone knows (we only found out about a week ago ourselves so naturally we go about with a superior air saying "as everybody knows") is a collection of some of the mightiest intellects of the Dominion who gather at intervals to exchange information on such matters as A Solution of the Plane Biharmonic Equation and the Growth of Continents According to the Contraction Hypothesis.

Well sir, as has been said, we have been rubbing elbows with these savants in an endeavor (unsuccessful) to find something in the discussions that could be translated into newspaper English. And naturally we didn't want the shine which the sleeves of our blue serge suit have acquired by being stropped against the scholarly tweeds of the Fellows of the Royal Society to be dimmed by contact with



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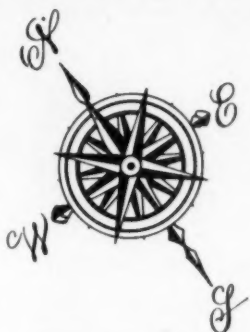
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the garments of the peasantry. or, as it is sometimes called, the common herd.

So if you peasants, or common herd types, will please stand well back we will get on with the column.

At one meeting a bunch of the boys were whooping it up about the angular correlation function for the Camma Rays of Cd114 or something like that when the time came to throw some slides on a screen. The projection machine, however, wouldn't work. A distinguished engineer shouldered a doctor of philosophy to one side and began to tinker with the machine. saying that the trouble undoubtedly lay in the fact that the framis was out of alignment with the portisframe. A master of science said no. He believed the reverse to be true. A nuclear physicist was called in and he sought advice from a distinguished surgeon who in turn thought that a famous astronomer should put his mind to the problem.

They kicked it around for quite some time but couldn't get the machine to work. A timid little historian said that when his wife's washing machine refused to work she gave it a "sort of shake" and it always turned up all right. They wanted to know what kind of a shake and the little fan, enjoying the shining hour, explained that it was a peculiar kind of firm but gentle shake with a twisting motion at the end. They tried that a couple of times but without success and it is believed the little historian was about to send for his wife, when the janitor of the building entered in.

He was a man evidently used to dealing with intellectual types because he said not a word as the trouble was explained and the en-

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gineer went into some detail about the non-alignment of the framis. He looked the machine over carefully then grunted in discovery, reached down, picked up the loose electric cord and plunged it into the wall socket.

The machine gave a happy whirr and threw a beam of light on the screen and the lecture went on.

Perhaps we'd better be getting on too.

What we started out to bring to your attention was the fact that one of the papers delivered in the Section on French Literature and History was a paper called When Newfoundland Helped to Save Canada.

We naturally enquired further about this and were given a program in which it was stated that Gustave Lancot, F.R.C.S., a distinguished scholar and historian of Quebec, proposed to relate "le recrutement a Saint-Jean et l'arrivee a Quebec de volontaires de Terre-Neuve, a la veille du seige de cette ville. en 1775, par les troupes Americaines d'Arnold et de Montgomery."

And furthermore he proposed to go into some detail about how "au cours de l'hiver, les Terre-neuviens participerent a la defense de la place et surtout au combat de 31 decembre, qui repoussa victorieusement l'assaut nocturne des troupes americaines."

Being clever enough to have a daughter who is in second year French at school we were able to translate this into the information that Newfoundland had helped save Canada in 1775 by sending a force of volunteers to Quebec City when that ancient capital was being threatened by the American troops under General Arnold and General Montgomery. The Newfoundlanders, Mr. Lancot said.

**ATLANTIC GUARDIAN**

not only raised the morale of the small (200 men) garrison of Quebec but were a major factor in throwing back the big assault which the Americans made under cover of darkness on December 30 of that same year .

We have always regarded it as a great tragedy that, going to school in Newfoundland, we learned a great deal about Hengist and Horsa, King Alfred and the Cakes, and the fact that King John lost the Crown Jewels in the Wash, and even absorbed some considerable knowledge of the Wrongs of Ireland without ever hearing a word about the history of Newfoundland, or indeed about North America as a whole.

This information about the Newfoundlanders at Quebec came as a surprise to us and we venture to believe, is not widely known even today in Newfoundland.

● We think we have already told you about the time we tested out the old saying that if you stand for half an hour on the corner of Fifth avenue and 42nd street in New York somebody from your home town will come along; and that as we stood there an old schoolmate who we had never liked anyway came along, fell upon us with glad cries and borrowed \$10 until a payday which never came.

Ever since then we have carefully avoided standing in exposed positions of that nature and being a protective sort of chap, as well as a soft touch, would not willingly expose a colleague to similar danger.

When therefore we received a number of requests for the address of Ron Pollett in New York we thought it but fair to ask his permission before publishing same. Not that we thought for a moment, mind you, that any readers of this magazine who hap-

JULY, 1951

ESTABLISHED 1901

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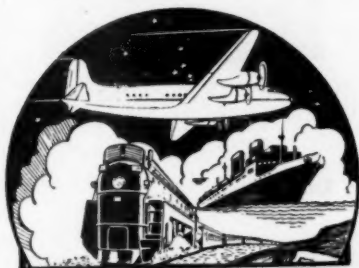
pened to be in New York would put the bite on Ron. But you never know when it might get into the wrong hands and Ron be like the Newfoundlander in Boston who for two years boarded a chap who claimed to be a cousin of the Newfoundlander's first wife from Bonavista. It was only when the draft for the army caught up with the deadbeat that they discovered he had never been out of Boston in his life and had no relatives whatever in Newfoundland.

Ron however has such a warm spot in his heart for genuine Newfoundlanders, and such confidence in his ability to reject a sob story, that he makes no objection whatever to having his address published.

It is:

380 92nd Street,  
Brooklyn, 9,  
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*Brian Bell*



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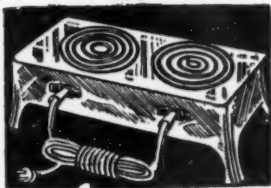
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## You Can't Play With Fire

AN all out drive is being made this year by the Newfoundland Forest Protection Association to educate the travelling public in the all important task of exercising great caution with picnic fires and in smoking while using the highways and woods roads. A greater volume of traffic than ever before is expected on Newfoundland's fast-expanding highway system. Many sections of the Trans-Canada Highway will be open for traffic, and motorists from all over will be visiting the province's famous fishing rivers crossed in dozens of places by this highway.

Attractive sign posts and fire signs mark the Corner Brook-Grand Falls Highway, prepared lunch grounds and signs leading to them are being set up, and for Forest Conservation Week, May 19-26, the press and radio were used extensively for propaganda purposes.

On June 3rd, the annual inspection trip by the N.F.P.A. executive of the railway right-of-way between Tompkins on the West Coast and Whitbourne in the East was made. Members of the Board of Transport Commissioners, the C.N.R. Fire Patrol, the Railway Management and the press accompanied the party. The object is three-fold: (1) to inspect the right-of-way for fire hazard; (2) to inspect N.F.P.A. rail patrol equipment; (3) to publicize the educational work of the Association. The trip was made by open trail-car (speeder); the crossing of the 'hump' is not always pleasant.

New Detection Towers and several new depots fully equipped with truck, pumps, hose, fire-cans, shovels, etc., will come into use this year. Eventually the greater part of the country will come under fire tower observation and the most modern methods of detecting and fighting forest fires are being introduced.

The Association also maintains an aeroplane patrol during days of high fire-hazard, and the plane based on Gander and equipped for landing on water is available all during the summer for taking fire-fighting equipment to the out-of-the-way places where lightning often causes fires.

Yes siree! the N.F.P.A. is on the job, bigger and better than ever in 1951. But, and it's a big But, it can do very little without the whole-hearted support of every Newfoundlander and visitor, too, who finds his way to the province's many beauty spots. We can't say "Save The Forest" in a better way than by using one of the Associations best Fire Signs "Coming back next year? Then please be Careful with Fire."

—CONTRIBUTED.



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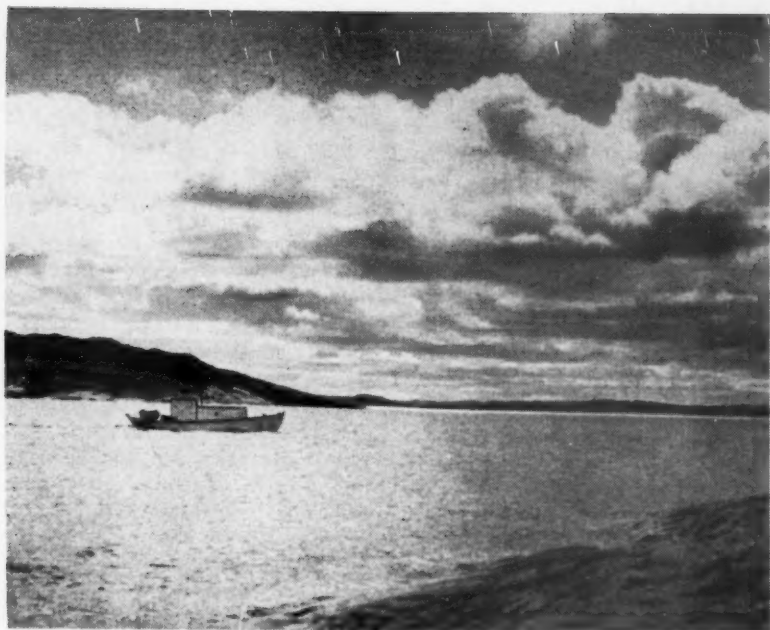


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## You Can Be An Explorer

by **GEORGE RUSSELL**

**Y**OU can be an honest-to-goodness explorer at low cost. All you need is a few weeks to spare in summer, a little extra money, and some of the explorers' outlook.

You have at your very doorstep a comparatively unknown land, hardly scratched by civilization. Labrador—its very name connotes the unknown, the wild, the mysterious. Labrador has uncharted passages winding among ancient, mossy islands which have not told all they know. It has frowning headlands that have held dark conferences with rasping arctic blizzards; bays and inlets whose quiet waters have strayed far into the

fastnesses of "Never Never Land"; rivers that emerge from the secret haunts of nowhere. What a land for the amateur explorer is Labrador—that away-from-it-all back garden of ours, on the threshold of the Arctic!

You can put in a delightful summer on Labrador, and explore to your heart's content. All you need is a sizeable fishing boat over which you can build a good shelter. It could be powered by any reasonably good marine engine. If you took along a salmon net or two you might even be able to pay all expenses. It is no trouble to sell fresh salmon on Labrador. Of course you'd take along fishing

rods, rifle, and camera, as well as appropriate togs.

I am writing from experience, for last year I had a delightful trip to Labrador. It was my first visit there in twenty-seven years, and we went to parts where comparatively few have ever been. Doing my own navigating was satisfying, as in all my earlier trips somebody else had recommended where we were to go. My companion was a good sport, from the prairies, and therefore unacquainted with Labrador.

Our boat was not impressive—28 feet long, 7½ feet wide, three feet deep. She was formerly a Port de Grave fishing boat with a cuddy where a couple of men could put in a night on the fishing ground. We built a cabin on her. She was powered by a 25 h.p. Gray Marine engine. An 8 h.p. Acadia or Atlantic engine would have given just as good service. We started off with about \$50 worth of groceries. This was to be supplemented with salmon and trout, codfish, and anything else we could procure.

We left Botwood July 4th, ran down Exploits Bay to Northern Head and straightened her across Notre Dame Bay. As it was not clear, our deep sea navigation was put to the first real test. We seemed to be leaving the land at the wrong angle. However, we thought the chart knew best. And it did. The mammoth iceberg we passed in mid-bay was uncharted, but we passed the granite giantess, Mother Burke, the three bills of Cape St. John and Partridge Point just where we thought they should be,

and found ourselves unfolding the majestic panorama of the French Shore. Serried headlands, mountain rivulets, probing fjords, mountain streams were unrolled behind us until we found ourselves at Quirpon ready to cross the Strait of Belle Isle into Labrador.

Twenty-seven years had not driven from memory the blue panorama of the Labrador, as seen from across the Straits. I looked forward to seeing it. Before the robins were awake we were out in the Straits. We saw the hulk of the American freighter that had spilled her crew on Sacred Island just before Christmas some years ago. Marooned there for several days, they were rescued at last by the heroic efforts of the captain and crew of the whaler "Olaf Olsen." The great hulk lay in two rusty sections on the landward side of Sacred Island, reminding us that "they who go down to the sea in ships" sometimes have harrowing experiences.

Alas! the Arctic current had laid its clammy smoke screen between us and the Labrador shore. During the last hour of the crossing the black hump of the coast showed occasionally above the obscuring fog. This told us we were going in a generally right direction. Finding Castle Island at the mouth of Chateau Bay just where we thought it should be was gratifying.

We pulled down past St. Peter's Islands toward where the tableland lifts its flat summit above the foggy curtain. Here was a landmark that was unmistakeable. We were doing it all right. The chart

# CAPE BONAVISTA

Historic warder of the western  
shore,  
Audacious in thy rocky pomp and  
pride,  
Upthrust from the ocean's fretted  
floor  
To breast the force of storm and  
tide,  
Cape Bonavista, thine by ancient  
right,  
The seaman's tribute of "O Happy  
Sight!"

Most famous height of sea-washed  
land  
To stem the Atlantic's westward  
flow,  
How firm thy guardian ramparts  
stand  
To guide the sailors westward ho.  
Thy far-flung beams of warning  
light  
Illuminate the purple clouded  
night.

When first, at crimson break of  
day,  
John Cabot saw thy welcome  
dome,  
And steered his bold adventurous  
way  
Across the pathless waste of  
foam,  
He named thee peerless in thy  
might,  
Glad landfall of his soul's delight.

At thy strong feet the breakers  
surge  
And toss in vain their salty spray,  
The storm fiends chant their sol-  
emn dirge,  
And futile, waste their strength  
away,  
Unmoved, secure thy pillars stand,  
Deep rooted in the New-Found-  
Land.

—T. B. WINDROSS,  
Edmonton, Alberta.

and compass worked for us as well  
as it would for anyone else.

## Was it Land—or Fog?

An hour or two later in com-  
pany with the Grenfell Mission  
boat "Norwester" we were in the  
vicinity of Cape Charles trying to  
figure out if that dark shade above  
the scarcely visible surf was the  
land or a slightly denser area of  
fog. We couldn't get through it;  
so it must have been land. It was  
there when the fog went. Assizes  
Harbor Run opened up before us  
and we glided through. It was  
hard to go across Lewis's Bay. It

showed on the chart as a long,  
tongue-like inlet that penetrated far  
into the Labrador wild. How  
pleasant it would be to follow it  
mile upon mile to where its tongue  
tip lapped the sweet, fresh water  
brought down by Lewis's River  
from the mysterious Labrador hin-  
terland. What elusive coves, audi-  
bly silent forests and haunted ra-  
vines are there. What independent  
animals prowl that "forest prime-  
val!" Alexis Bay and Scrammy Bay  
beckoned for exploration. But we  
were on business, and running on  
a sort of schedule. Painful as it  
was, we had to suppress the primi-



tive urge to investigate the unknown. I'd rather spend a summer in those bays than go to Europe.

The great barrier of brown mossy land with its granite outcrops that looks like the mainland, from seaward, is really an island screen behind which are sheltered runs leading to fairyland. Boats can navigate them for many a mile immune to the storms and seas that might rage outside. Inward from these passages neglected bays penetrate far into the haunted recesses of dark mountains as untrodden as the mountains of the moon. There are mosquitoes there, though, as thick as the Chinese Communists, but far less subject to the Kremlin. They would bite Stalin. Some of them say something like Mao Tse Tung (O how he stung!) when they rush to attack.

We spent a day at Snug Harbor surrounded by the everlasting hills, then passed down through Hawkes Run, Squasho Run, Frenchman's Run and Greago Run, and on down the coast to Cartwright.

Cartwright is a pleasant diversion from the rocky, humpy, barren coast of the Labrador. It ought to be good. It is only a few miles from Paradise. Here the barren highlands give way to evergreen clothed slopes. On the north side of the harbor a contented village nestles around the Hudson Bay Company post, nucleus of its financial security. Across the harbor the buildings of the Grenfell Mission are a guarantee of medical care and social betterment.

Hamilton Inlet leads to the very heart of the Labrador interior. It reaches inland 150 miles from

where fishing schooners cross its mouth going north and returning south. The narrows at Rigolet form a fifteen mile long bottleneck, through which the tide pours in and out at great rate. Beyond those narrows is the broad expanse of Lake Melville. That great sheet of water exceeds a hundred miles in length and twenty miles in breadth in parts.

Here is a new and different region. Along the eastern shore of the lake the sere highlands of the coast terminate and give way to wooded lowlands with isolated peaks in the far background. On the south side of the bay the Mealy mountains put on a grand display. That is a fairly impressive mountain range, with some of its spire-like peaks reaching nearly 4000 feet above the sea. Only in the far north of Labrador are there higher peaks. Westward, only the growth of timber makes the lowlands visible for more than a few miles. You get the impression that you are sailing into an unending expanse of water. Two rivers of continental proportions and many smaller ones emerge.

### Jet Planes Overhead

At the mouth of the Nascopie River is the lovely settlement of Northwest River. An almost snowy beach forms the margin of a wooded point, along which are built the white buildings of the Hudson Bay Company post, and the Grenfell Mission, and the neat homes of the people. Roadways carved through the tall evergreens lead to other houses hidden beyond. An exotic effect is produced by the intermingling of the white



Anglo-Saxon and the dusky native races. One partner in a marriage may be dark and the other fair. Some children may be blonde, others very dark. Their voices are soft and their accents quaint. It is a pleasing thought that this prosperous little far-flung community is one with us in the citizenship of Newfoundland. They are a gracious, friendly people, no way behind the rest of us in general culture. The soil is productive and the summer climate conducive to gardening. The Grenfell Mission has a farm, and there are many fine gardens in this area. Across the river, on the slopes of higher land, the Indians had their encampment. We were glad it was our privilege to see those interesting nomads in all their various activities, especially crossing the rapid river in canoes, all squatted on the bottom with their Indian heads all in a line just over the gunn'l of the canoe.

Just above Northwest River the Nascopie River leaves the foot of Grand Lake, a mountain-girded expanse of water forty miles long. It is navigable by good sized boats, and just cried for investigation, but alas! we couldn't take the time. Bad Cess to business. I hope to be able to go sometime and browse around the way I want.

At the very head of Lake Melville is Goose Bay airport, situated on a low sandy plateau between the Terrington Basin, where the pier is, and the Hamilton River that flows for hundreds of miles through the untamed interior of Labrador. We went into Mud Lake, at the mouth of the river. It is a tucked-away little settlement, with houses pitched here and there along

the shores of a bewildered little creek, lost in its own windings and woodsy and tropical-looking enough to be the Swanea River. We took a pilot there to guide us ten miles up the river to the Hamilton River settlement, sometimes called Happy Valley. Here natives from all over Labrador live. They work at Goose. Here you will find Eskimos from Nain and Hebron, natives from coastal settlements north and south, and a goodly sprinkling of Newfoundlanders. Roads (strange on the Labrador) lead to the airport. Trucks and cars, jeeps, motor cycle and other vehicles are seen. Jet planes fly overhead. The twentieth century has come to that part of Labrador.

#### **The Garden of The North**

We were greatly impressed by the prolific forests of the Lake Melville area. Spruces greater than any I have ever seen in Newfoundland were near the shore everywhere, and mammoth specimens, torn from their roots by flood waters came down the Hamilton River. Tall aspens and birch abounded. Song birds were in great variety. Red squirrels and flying squirrels were there. Frogs were seen frequently in the pools, and toads on the land. We could not escape the impression that here was a region endowed more richly with both animal and plant life than our own island. Salmon and trout are plentiful. Native trappers told us there are pike in the large lakes of the interior, and a species of large trout that weigh as much as twenty pounds.

Good gardens are in evidence. The Grenfell Mission has a sizeable farm at Northwest River,

where all the common vegetables grow well. In other garden plots we saw lush beds of lettuce, carrots, beets and turnips, rhubarb and cultivated berries, all well advanced although it was only July. Although summer heat is quite intense here, there is a gratifying absence of mosquitoes. The base command keeps the region sprayed with chemicals that keep the mosquito population at a comfortably low level.

A map of Labrador shows the surrounding country to be just spattered with lakes and rivers, many of which are navigable by small boats, even motor boats. The Kinnimish River, on the south side of the lake flows from the mountains, through the wooded lowlands to enter Lake Melville near the mouth of Goose Bay. The Sabasquasho River would be an explorer's delight. We followed the Mulligan River for about a mile. Forest walls came to the river's edge on both sides. It was late evening. A purple mountain gilded in the splendid afterglow of the setting sun filled the gap in the skyline where the river parted the trees. All nature was bowed for the benediction.

What a summer one could spend ferretting around Lake Melville! Near its eastern end there is the Backway, its outline on the chart traced by the dotted line that indicates it has not been investigated too closely. Next door is the region of the Mealy Mountains, its spired summits beckoning to come hither. Below Rigolet is Double Mer Bay, a lonely inlet some forty miles deep, traced on the chart, with

the same dotted lines. What a place to go busybodying around!

And northward, "The lure of the Labrador wild" is intensified. What prying inlets, panicky rivers, and arrogant mountains are there! The multi-pinnacled promontory of Kigla Peit (Kettle of Pikes) has a score or more summits taller than Gros Morne. Mountainous Aulatsavik Island, near by, is larger than any island around the Newfoundland coast. Mt. Thoresby (3700 feet) is piled up on its north end. Northward are the Kaumajet Mountains, including the mountainous islands of Mugford, with the spur, called the Pulpit, 3400 feet above the deck as you go through the mountain-girded tickle. Still farther north the mighty Torngaet range with its mile-high summits is cut in segments by the pincer movements of far-penetrating fiords. You may bask in summer sunshine in a sheltered cove and watch Arctic blizzards swirl like gauzy veils around the summits of ultra conservative peaks, still standing around waiting to be introduced.

Whatever kind of amateur you are, naturalist, geographer, geologist, navigator, prospector, surveyor, or whatever you are, Labrador beckons to you. A party of three would be ideal. A boat about 35 feet long would be the right size. Take some sealing jars. You may pick enough bake apples to cover most of your expenses.

And answer this one: When are our geographies going to do Labrador justice?

## The Strange Case of Miss Journeaux

ON THE 24th of May, 1886, the little coastal steamer *Curlew* arrived in St. John's from her regular run to the West Coast of Newfoundland. It was just an ordinary run, but she brought an extraordinary passenger in the person of Miss Journeaux, a native of Jersey in the Channel Islands between England and France. The extraordinary character was given Miss Journeaux, not by the fact that she was a native of Jersey, arriving in Newfoundland, but by the facts of how she got to Newfoundland, without any intention of leaving her own harbor of St. Helier.

This is how it happened. On the 18th of April, 1886, Sunday evening after church, Miss Journeaux was invited by her boy friend, Jules Ferne, to go for a row in his boat. Encouraged by her cousin who was going with her boy friend in his boat, Miss Journeaux accepted the invitation. Both parties rowed out to the end of the breakwater, when the cousin, Miss Wiltshire, and her escort turned back. Ferne, however, kept on rowing, as it was calm and the night clear, but soon the strong tide snatched the boat and began to carry it to sea.

Ferne became excited, and in the excitement lost his oars. In an effort to retrieve them he plunged into the sea, and when the boat drifted out of reach, swam for the mole or breakwater. When

he landed and told his story, he was only half-believed, and two days later was arrested and charged with 'doing away' with his girl.

In the meantime, Miss Journeaux went drifting in the open boat out into the English Channel and the Atlantic Ocean. She had nothing to eat or drink, and her only shelter was a parasol. The weather was bad; rain fell, the boat leaked, and she baled with the hat left behind by her unhappy escort. Steamers crossing the Channel failed to see her and she drifted out of the regular steamer tracks. Four days and four nights passed before she was picked up by a French banker, bound for Newfoundland.

### Too Late to Turn Back

The banker could not turn back to France, for the season was late, and so Miss Journeaux was taken all the way to Newfoundland. The vessel was the "Tombola," Captain Landgren, out of St. Malo, bound for Port aux Choix on the northwest part of the French Shore, but the captain generously took her to St. George's, where she might get into communication with St. John's. The banker reached St. George's on the 15th of May, a month almost since Miss Journeaux had been swept away to sea. Captain Landgren would have set her ashore at St. Pierre but the weather was foggy and he did not know those waters.

By an odd coincidence, there was a Church of England minister

at St. George's by the name of Rev. Mr. Weary, who was also a native of Jersey. He and his wife took Miss Journeaux into their home, and treated her most hospitably, till the S.S. *Curlew* called there on her way back to St. John's. They at once sent a cablegram to the girl's parents in Jersey, to whom it was like a message from the grave. It was a great relief for Jules Ferne who was facing a charge of murder.

The *Curlew* arrived in St. John's on the 24th of May where news

of Miss Journeaux's adventure had reached before her. The whole town turned out to meet her and gave her a royal time. The Water Street merchants fitted her out, free of charge, with everything she needed, and she was a guest at Government House, while waiting for the Allan boat to take her to England and home again.

On the 2nd of June, 1886, Miss Journeaux sailed from St. John's on the return lap of a celebrated voyage that started as a Sunday evening outing in a rowboat.

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# The Strange Case of The Rev. Mr. Gow

A Short Story

by PAUL MAHER

**B**ETWEEN the two wars, in the days when spare ribs were seven cents a pound, there lived in St. John's (or, more properly speaking, just outside) a man named Stanislaus Christopher Gow. Caring for himself in a tumble-down place on the Brow, he would descend daily to the city, amusing young and old alike by his unusual dress. This consisted of a long, black coat, dreadfully threadbare, which he wore slung over his shoulders, after the fashion of a cloak. Beneath, if the wind were but to ruffle it, one could see a black tunic, buttoned to the neck, and across the front of which his arms seemed forever folded. Walking slowly and erect, Gow would each day traverse the streets of St. John's, and the population of that time knew him well. They christened him Reverend.

The Reverend Gow (as we can now call him) spurned all forms of physical activity with a completeness formerly observed only in corpses. He had never earned a dollar in his life, and relied for sustenance on the generosity of his

neighbors and the gullibility of the nearest grocer.

However, it must be said at once that the reverend gentleman was not without an occupation. Conversion was his forte, the launching onto the straight and narrow of wayward souls who preferred the primrose, and knocked about the streets. Gow fastened himself like a leech on all such types, and hung there until the poor unfortunate was either cured of his folly, or pronounced beyond human aid. In his time he effected some miraculous changes on ne'er-do-wells, speak-easys notwithstanding. As a matter of fact, up to his fiftieth year he could not count a single failure in this saintly endeavor. Many a pew in many a St. John's church bore the imprint of a one-time infidel, rescued from damnation by the tireless Gow.

Be that as it may, to make fat story thin we will approach the matter in question. One day Stanislaus decided to bring to heel a regular vagabond of the road, a man who cared nothing for law and order. Proclamations, legislations, Orders in Council and all the rest of it passed over his head like so many clouds. He simply ignored them, went his way, and kept a private bed in the lock-up. The magistrate's court knew him as Rocky.

On a Saturday afternoon Gow collared Rocky at the foot of Barter's Hill. "My good man," he began, "I've been meaning to speak to you for some time." "Yeah," said Rocky. "Yes," went on Gow, "your ruinous habits and general looseness of character are

intolerable in my eye. You are the city's prime heretic. I intend to set you free." "Oh, yeah," said Rocky, and slouched away.

After this rather inglorious start Gow applied himself unremittingly to the task of uplifting his charge. But all to no avail. Rocky was as good as his name. He refused to be lifted. Finally the roving reverend hit on a plan. He approached his prey. "Rocky," he said, "I give you one last chance. Here it is. If you promise to live my life for a week, to sleep at my place, eat at my table, sit by my stove, for seven days only, I swear never to bother you again."

Rocky thought for a moment. "Listen here, your Highness," he said at length, "you've been hounding me for months. Now I'll do what you ask ok, on this condition. That you'll promise to take MY place, and go MY way, for the same seven days. Me in your shoes, and you in mine." And so it was agreed.

Stanislaus Christopher Gow, styled Reverend, now shuffled the streets in the guise of a tramp,

begged in a most open-handed fashion, and altogether flung off the garb of piety. And what of Rocky? Truth to tell, each day seemed endless to him. His wild spirit, caged in the shack on the Brow, and restricted to the endless conventions of civilization, longed for release. He wondered why he had ever made such a poor bargain, and swore that Sunday should see the last of it. He envied everyone, Gow in particular, and sighed his way somehow along.

On Sunday afternoon Rocky picked his steps down to the city, and stood waiting for the Reverend as arranged, outside the Post Office. The appointed hour came and went. No Gow appeared. Just as he was about to move off, a policeman hove round the corner of Queen Street.

"Hello, Rocky" he said, "I thought we were rid of you. What are you doing here?" "I am waiting," answered Rocky, "for the Reverend Gow." "Then," said the policeman, "you will have to wait a bit. Yesterday he got ten days for vagrancy."

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# THE "NEWFIES" HAVE INVADED TORONTO

A Photostory  
by ADELAIDE LEITCH

**T**ORONTO—O! This is the spot where the fishermen (and other Newfoundlanders) gather!

In the past eighteen months, Newfoundland has begun taking over the Queen City with the largest influx of islanders that Toronto

has ever seen. When confederation set Newfoundland to arguing and exploded the peace of the squid-jigging grounds, there was heated discussion in some quarters as to whether Canada was annexing the island or the island was annexing Canada. There no longer seems much doubt.

## Thousands Have Come

The Bureau of Statistics in Ottawa no longer keeps records of Newfoundland 'immigrants' but a conservative — repeat *conservative* — estimate is around 25,000 Newfoundlanders now making their home here. The Queen City is bulging into its suburbs and expanding into the nearby countryside, and a steady little trickle of Newfoundlanders here over the years has reached invasion proportions. Toronto is fast becoming as much a Newfoundland centre as Newfoundland itself, and figures prove it—

Population of St. John's—approximately 60,000 Newfoundlanders.

Population of Toronto—Approximately 25,000 Newfoundlanders (and 975,000 persons less fortunate).

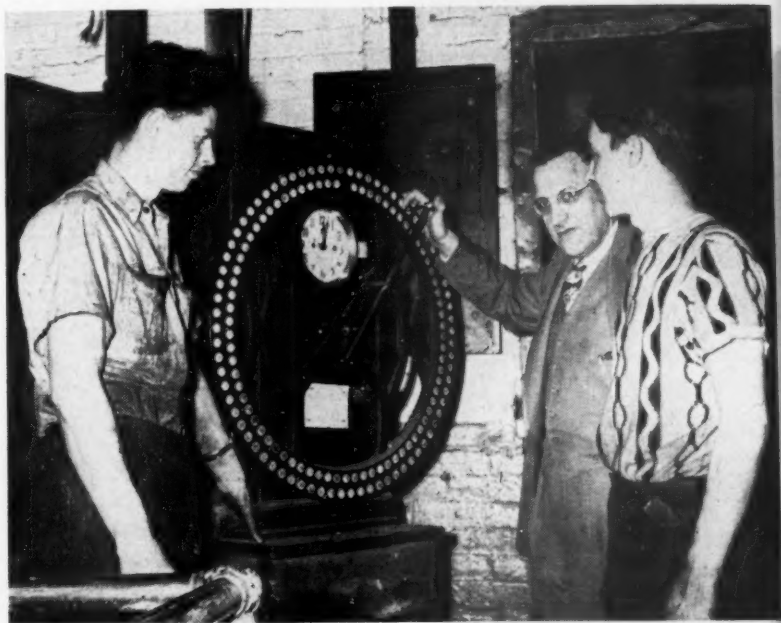
Another estimated 15,000 to

(Continued on page 26)

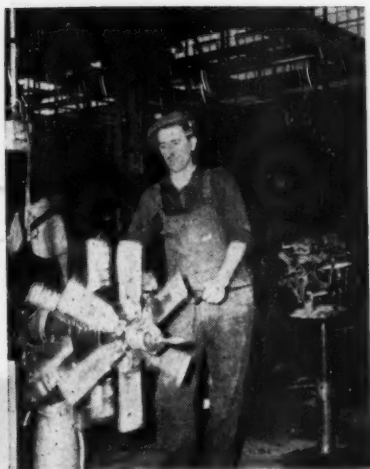


There are young men like Cecil Porter, for instance. "Cec" came from Port de Grave last May to work in the machine shop at Canada Wire and Cable, following in the footsteps of brother Ruben Porter who came three years ago to work for that company. Shortly after he acquired a job, he also acquired a wife. "Ah," quipped a buddy at the plant, "so you had to wait till you got to Canada to get married!" Cec grinned good-naturedly "Sure, but I married a Newfoundland girl!" (She's Marie Bishop, and his home-town sweetheart).

A whole influx of Newfoundlanders came to Canada Wife and Cable last year and, while most of them were men going to the heavy plant jobs, a handful of women went to work in industry too. Pretty Olive Keats, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Keats, came from Musgravetown last August—the third sister of the family to migrate. Another one, Mrs. Irene Dart, was already working at the plant when Olive arrived, and a second sister, Mrs. Doris Tulk, had been a Toronto housewife for seven years. Here, in the uniform of her job, Olive makes lead-in plugs for toasters and lamps, taking care the hot metal and acid don't touch her hands. "I like Toronto fine!" she enthused. "But I like Newfoundland better."



Over at Massey Harris Company — one of Toronto's industrial giants in making farm machines—Newfoundlanders turn out in full force in the machine and tool shops. A.G. found two newcomers being initiated into the mysteries of the time clock by K. C. Easton, personnel boss (centre). Twenty-year-old Albert Keeping (left) had recently come from Grand Bank (where his mother still lives). Frank Woodfine, 22, came shortly afterwards from Northern Bay. House-hunting in Toronto is a headache, they agree—but they've got the advantage over family men who have to have houses or apartments.



From the other side of the Island came Roland Genge of Port aux Basques. He's a newcomer Newfoundlander too—but he stopped off for 20 years in Prince Edward Island on the way! Born and brought up in Newfoundland, he and his parents later moved to the tiny PEI and its fertile farmlands. It was after his parents' death that he came on to mainland Canada to a job in industry—but he, too, is just as fervent a Newfoundlander as anyone!

(Continued from page 24)

20,000 came through Toronto and spread out into the rest of Ontario—Hamilton; the automotive centre of Windsor; the farms of southern Ontario; and the timberlands and woods operations of Northern Ontario.

Sometimes if you listen carefully on a quiet Toronto street corner on a Sunday morning (and Toronto has the quietest Sunday street corners in the world) you can hear a wistful chorus of the Squid Jigging Ground. And if you pass a

friendly 'hello' to them. There suppertime, you may catch a familiar and tantalizing aroma of fish and brewis as some Newfoundlander cooks up an island meal just for an old time's sake.

### Take Over a Church

When a special Newfoundland service was held in a Toronto church recently, the minister suggested that all Newfoundlanders stand up and let the others say a friendly 'hello' to them. There were no others. The whole congregation stood up. And when Corner Brook alumni decided to hold a reunion, they nearly took over Centre Island—Toronto's holiday island in the centre of Toronto Bay.

What are all these newcomers



Newfoundland has several "Hello girls" in Toronto, and chances are that, if you pick up the telephone and call long distance, you may hear pretty, 17-year-old Marie Brown of Corner Brook. That "voice with the smile" goes all over Canada—including Newfoundland. Marie, enthusiastic about the "big city life" of Toronto, is the only Newfoundlander in her particular section, but she didn't find it too difficult to make friends here.

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

doing in Toronto—where have they come from and where are they going?

The big drawing card in the Queen City, according to the unanimous verdict of Newfoundlanders the Atlantic Guardian interviewed, was "Opportunity!" Opportunity that is big and bright and far more golden than any in a Newfoundland outpost. The big Toronto industrial plants drew many of the Newfoundland men, as well as the departmental stores, smaller shops and public utilities.

"Newfoundlanders are all excellent workers," one manager said enthusiastically, then added, "but they do need the training first!"

### A Family Affair

The Toronto migration this past year has been, to a large extent, a family project. Many of the newcomers reached Toronto because other members of the family, or friends, had come here a year or several years before. Sometimes, almost a whole family would be at work in the same plant.

"What I don't see," observed one dyed-in-the-wool Torontonian with a puzzled scratching of a puzzled head, "is where they're all coming from—it's not *that* big an island, is it?" Toronto is beginning to feel it is pulling Newfoundlanders out of Newfoundland like a Houdini pulling rabbits out of a hat!

Aside from an acute housing shortage in Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Newcomer Newfoundland and



Let's go home with Marie Brown tonight, and see how a typical Newfoundland family is making out in Toronto! There are four of them—Mr. and Mrs. Bob Brown, Marie and Jimmy, and they're nice, average folks, with a dash of Newfoundland humor and a lot of Newfoundland hospitality. Mr. Brown was on the Corner Brook police force—later moving to St. John's. From there, they went—briefly—to Montreal, but the housing shortage drove them back to Newfoundland, and it was around Christmas-time that they 'migrated' again—this time to Toronto.

family are getting along just fine in Toronto. The aloofness of "Toronto the Good, Toronto the Cold" seems to have been less of a problem to them than to other strangers in town.

The boys and girls, men and women who have come from the Tenth Province give a pretty good cross section of Newfoundland itself, from Signal Hill to the jumping off place of the CNR in Port-aux-Basques. . . . .

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# MANTON BROTHERS LIMITED

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER



During his working day, Bob Brown operates an insulating machine at Canada Wire and Cable, handling the huge machinery that turns out insulation for the power cables. That's another Newfoundlander with him (left) but an 'old timer' as far as Toronto is concerned—Roland Fradsham of St. John's, who came out three years ago.

Toronto life is not so different from Newfoundland life for the Browns, and others like them who have come from Newfoundland—a little gayer, maybe, a little more excitement and a bit more money. They think it is a good idea that Newfoundland became the Tenth Province, but they have no intention of being "Canadian" if they can't go on being "Newfoundland" too! After all, that is a centuries-old heritage!

And that about sums up the attitude of the other Newfoundland newcomers in Toronto these days, too!



Jimmy Brown, younger than his sister, Marie, is still just a little bit self-conscious when he puts on his evening finery — and sister adjusts the bow tie!



*This is the second of three articles on life in New York by our own writer on the scene. The final instalment of this interesting series will appear next month.*

by **RON POLLETT**

IF ALL the people in the New York area came down to live on the Avalon Peninsula the land would be so crowded the birds would have to perch on somebody's head. As it is, the 8,000,000 persons in the 322 square miles of main city alone are clustered, squeezed, tiered and heaped on top of one another, with the greatest concentration on the small island of Manhattan.

This island, 12½ miles long by 2½ at its widest, is where nearly everyone travels to work or play, back and forth from their homes in Brooklyn, Long Island and the Bronx on the jam-packed subway trains that were the subject of last month's article. It is the most expensive 22 square miles in the world. It is plopped into the mouth of the Hudson River with New Jersey on one side, Brooklyn on the other, and the Bronx cut off by a brook at the rear.

Manhattan is a solid mass of buildings, most of them very tall. The cliffiest section is built on the bedrock at the outer tip of the island, around Wall Street. This is the "New York skyline." But there are other skyscrapers scattered all over. The tallest structure in Boston, Montreal or Toronto

... But  
No  
Fish  
and  
Brewis

would only be a pimple in Manhattan where there are 97 buildings over 30 stories high.

The king of them all is, of course, the Empire State Building which ticks off 1,465 feet from the ground to the top of the 215-foot television broadcasting mast sticking out of the roof. This one has 102 flights of stairs in case someone wants to walk up into the sky. It could easily house the entire population of St. John's. Of course places like Harbor Grace, Carbonear, Grand Falls or even Corner Brook could be sheltered in any one of the comparative hen-houses in New York. There are hundreds of office buildings employing more than 5,000 workers each.

These mountains of steel, stone and glass are business places mostly—offices and factories. They are giant ant-hills of industry all week and miles of lonesome corridors on Sundays.

On any week-end you could look down the great canyons around Wall Street and not see enough people to haul up a punt. All other times every inch of sidewalk is crowded like the Grand Falls station at train time on a Sunday night.

Every firm of importance anywhere on the globe has an office or representative in Manhattan and the island is bogged down with pencils, typewriters, computing machines, telephones—and jumping with pretty stenographers. The phone wires in the city would make 47 strands to the moon or reach 625 times around the earth.

These wires, like the trains, are all out of sight underground and so is the big tangle of electric cables, water, steam and gas pipes, and also the pneumatic tubes that chute the mail from one post office to another. In fact, the whole underpart of New York is one great maze of works like the insides of an old-fashioned radio—and the marvel is that some group somewhere knows the location of every bolt and screw and can find a water or gas leak or a broken wire in a jiffy.

The section where the lamp is never out—come day, go day, God send Sunday—is in the middle of the island. Here are famed Times Square - Broadway - Radio City amusement areas, the great railroad and cross-country bus terminals, the world's largest department stores of Macy's and Gimbels' where you can buy anything except perhaps eel-skin bootlaces and stuffed whales, and huge hotels. There are 500 hotels in New York City, boxed off into countless cub-

byholes—in any one of which the stranger among the teeming millions could feel as forlorn and forgotten as if living alone on the Funks in a one-room shack with the blinds down.

In midtown, too, are most of the swank eating places, like the Colony and Stork Club, the rendezvous of millionaires who live in New York by the housefuls. Here dinner for two costs as much as \$30 and up. The "up" would probably include broiled live lobster, brook trout, and partridge—not uncommon fodder in Newfoundland.

In mid-Manhattan, also, is where hundreds of thousands of factory workers hump their backs and dim their eyesight over the years among acres of buzzing machinery—notably the 300,000 garment workers who sew clothes for most of the nation, and the thousands of others who publish books and newspapers in a rushing, ceaseless stream of ink and paper. Printing and publishing and allied trades is the second largest industry in New York. The "New York Times" alone eats up 30 carloads of newsprint every weekday, with twice that on a Sunday, while two of the other main newspapers together use enough each year, to cover a 16-foot-wide stretch four million miles long—13,333 layers between Corner Brook and St. John's. It would take the two newsprint mills in Newfoundland a day and a half at full capacity (1,700 tons a day) to feed the "Times" presses for one Sunday. Practically all the newsprint used in New York—

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and in the whole United States for that matter—is made in Canada.

And set smack in the center of all this brick, steel, stone, plaster, concrete, asphalt and macadam of Manhattan is, of all things, a big stretch of unspoiled country. This is Central Park, with 840 acres of woodlands and ponds and a zoo full of ferocious jungle beasts. The biggest zoo in the city, housing alive almost every kind of wild animal there is (anyway, 1,000 species), is in a larger park still, 'way up in the Bronx.

The upper part of the island is mostly residential, from the smelly slums of Negro and Spanish Harlem on the one side to the perfumed palaces of industrial potentates of Park Avenue and Riverside Drive on the other. The poor section is so near the rich one that going from one to the other is like jumping over a fence between a bog and a flower garden. The slums are about the first sight of New York to greet the pop eyes of visitors coming in on the trains, and the impression is so inky that a tour of the clean parts later can hardly blot it out. This is how New York got its reputation of being not exactly the cleanest city in the world.

On Riverside Drive is the one big church of all time—the Cathedral of St. John the Divine (Church of England). It was begun in 1892 and is not finished yet though being worked on year after year. It is 601 feet long, 320 wide at the transept. St. Patrick's Cathedral (Roman Catholic), nearer midtown, is also a masterpiece

of architecture. It has twin spires 330 feet high and 70 immense stained glass windows, and accommodates 18,000 worshippers. There are 114 religious denominations in New York and 3,181 places of worship.

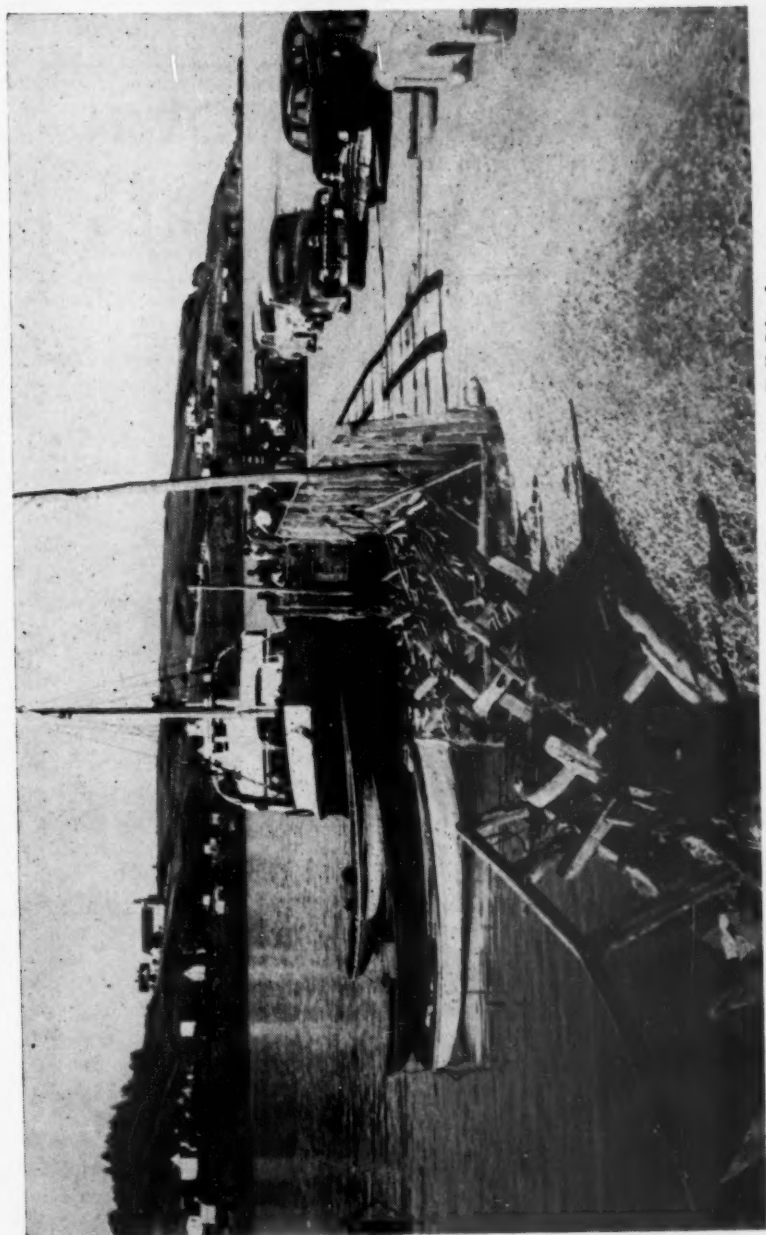
### **No Fish and Brewis**

The Big City has over 4,000 miles of paved streets, with 8,600 saloons and 20,000 restaurants along the route to refresh the weary traveller. On one table or another you are supposed to be able to find any kind of dish from the four corners of the earth whence have been drawn the city's inhabitants. You can get double-yolk duck eggs and wild boar steak, snow grouse from Norway and Irish woodcock, and all kinds of shellfish from dime-size oyster lice to 25-pound lobsters. But you can't get a meal of fish and brewis to save your soul.

And if the same visitor who pined in the hotel room waited in the road until some stranger asked him up to the house for a cup of tea, his tongue would be out on the ground.

Neither, of course, do you take your grub-bag with you when you set out for Manhattan to work for the day. Instead, when it comes time to boil the kettle you put on your hat and go out to a lunch counter down the street, where you fight for your food among the milling noontime crowds like a piglet digging for a nipple on the sow. Either eat at the counter, or eel your way in at a small table somewhere with three other persons, most likely strangers to you

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN



PORTUGAL COVE - Terminus for the ferry service to Bell Island

JULY, 1951

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and to one another, and all four eat together as close as cats lapping out of a saucer. And you don't say how do you do or it's a fine day or kiss me Kate, or anything, or open your mouth at all except to put the fork in, or even look at the faces. If you tried to be sociable—act like a human being—the others would think you had a screw loose, or something, and be embarrassed no end.

Anyway, you just can't afford to talk to everyone you rub against in Manhattan, or you'd wear your tongue out in a hurry.

Of course, the chances are each of the four speaks a different tongue anyhow. This is New York—the New World stamping grounds for Old World overpopulations, the melting pot that never stops boiling. About half the words you overhear in any crowd are not English, especially in recent times. Over 200 foreign-language newspapers are published in the city, but practically all the shop signs and other street advertising are in the familiar print.

New York is also the whole world in other ways than language. It's the place people from other cities visit when they wish to see something really breathtaking. Pictures are not enough, because the camera does lie. For instance, you could see every picture ever made of Manhattan and still not get the idea of its mountainous buildings—just as movies of the giant "Queen" ocean liners convey little more than a hint of their real proportions when seen in actuality sailing past the skyscrapers downtown.

Besides the big eyeful of the city itself there is, of course, the cream of everything that centers around fabulous wealth. The best of theater, art (one alone has 244 galleries housing the world art of 5,000 years from Egyptian times to the present), music, literature (16,500,000 books in public libraries), and other cultural media—are all within easy walk of the two great railway depots. Likewise handy are 1,000 nightclubs for frolic, dancing and drink. And in the Times Square section alone forty or so plays run simultaneously—some lasting but a night and others six and seven years.

A play is a story acted out in the flesh on a platform in a big hall. It usually is nothing more than the kind of tale the village gossip whispers to her neighbor over the back fence, only in their case the characters are real. City people have no back fence and no close neighbors to backbite, so they get relief the hard way, through make-believe.

In many plays emphasis is placed on risqué situations and smutty words to beat anything ever heard over the back fence, and rip-snorter swearing is not uncommon—real raw stuff that is supposed to be true to life. But there is quite a sprinkling of fantastical drama—traditional works, long-hair stuff like opera, catering mainly to literary societies and religious groups not out to make money. The orchestral extravaganzas with joyful songs, gay music, sparkling costumes and resplendent backdrops, not to mention the superb feminine

## TO A CHILDHOOD MEMORY AT PORT ALBERT

Proud and happy little maiden,  
Dressed in sailor dress of blue,  
Stars and stripes, white braid and  
buttons—

Seems to me I must know you.

You're the little girl who used to  
Like to paddle in the sea,  
Chasing the retreating "combers"  
Yes, you used to play with me.

"Ring Rock" was your "Treasure  
Island",

Crowned with strutting white sea  
gulls,

Round whose base you oft imag-  
ined

Sunken pirate vessel hulls.

You're the little girl who used to  
Like the woods where trees were  
tall,

And the evergreen and cowslips  
Greenest, pinkest of them all.

You're the Tomboy who liked  
fishing

Legs a dangle o'er the pier,  
Coaxing tomcods to your fish-  
hook,

Late for lunch your only fear.

And didn't you have fun at haying

Rolling down the "stack" so high,  
Lying midst the smell of Hemlock  
Gazing at the summer sky.

And the motor boat's put, put, put,  
Your alarm clock every morn,  
As they rode the sparkling water  
In the place where you were born.

All outdoors was yours to play in  
You enjoyed and loved it too—

Long time since we played to-  
gether

Little girl in navy blue.

Years have made a little difference,  
Sun bleached hair now turned to  
brown,

Surface changes are apparent  
Not a single change deep down.

Often want to catch some tomcods,  
Often want to climb a tree,  
Often want to roll down haystacks,  
Want to paddle in the sea.

And I'm so glad we were so happy  
Little girl in navy blue.,

And I'm glad though I am older  
That I still remember you.

—MINA ELLIOTT WHITE,

Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

charm, are worth a week's pay to  
see though listed at \$6.60 a good  
seat. Such spectacles are booked  
solid, months ahead.

A current successful Broadway  
offering tells about a navy crew  
anchored near an island in the Pa-  
cific and eyeing a bevy of beauti-  
ful nurses just bivouacked ashore  
and taking an improvised shower.

Through the busy spyglass the  
sailors note a large mole on one of  
the exposed rumps and lay bets as  
to what girl has the mole. Trying  
to solve the problem when both  
groups meet for a dance on board  
the ship makes the action of the  
play—and piles up a fortune for  
the producers.

The playhouses feed in great  
part on the 125,000 or more vis-

itors to the city daily—a lot of them from the villages, at that!—who come to New York to splurge. The movies (except Radio City Music Hall, the biggest indoor theater in the world—seating 6,200—which no tourist wants to miss) are left to the regular livers, who use them to kill time. Renowned restaurants like the Brass Rail and Jack Dempsey's on Broadway also are stogged with out-of-towners, who swipe the menu cards to show the folks back home. There are plenty more cards where these came from.

As to unusual occupations in the Big City, one fellow has knocked down a fine living through the years composing naughty songs and singing them out loud to a thumping piano in a high-class rum den on Broadway. The ditties are advertised in the papers as "songs teacher never taught" and the place is always crowded.

#### **Fishhooks \$55 each**

A few of the interesting items a fellow who's done well with the fish could buy on a trip to New York are these: Gold fishhooks, \$55; fur coat for a crackie, \$100; diamond dog collar, \$5,000; mustache perfume, \$20 oz.; bootjack, \$895; mink-lined slippers, \$200; nightdress for the missus, \$500; small box of chocolates, \$100. Of course, there's a 20 per cent federal luxury tax on such jewelled and furred articles, payable right over the counter. The same tax is collected on meals and drink served in a place where there is dancing or other entertainment.

Land enough to build a wharf, stage, flake, house and cabbage

garden—about an acre—would run to half a million dollars on the New York waterfront, where there is already wharfage enough to berth 400 ocean-going steamers at a clip. A small potato garden, 75 by 100 feet, a bit in back could fetch at least \$375,000 at present ground prices.

For years and years now, thousands of New Yorkers have simply sat around living in the lap of luxury off the income from the land their forefathers bought for a song. . . . And thousands of outporters this very day would likewise be rolling in gold and jewels as topcrust New Yorkers if their adventurous forebears, the first to cross the ocean, hadn't stopped off in Newfoundland to fish—and stayed there. But it's too late to talk about that now.

Still, think what fun living off the land could be! As one police judge recently lectured the scion of one of the landed families, hauled before him for brawling in a Broadway hot spot: "The trouble with you, sir, is too much money, too much liquor, too many women companions, and no work."

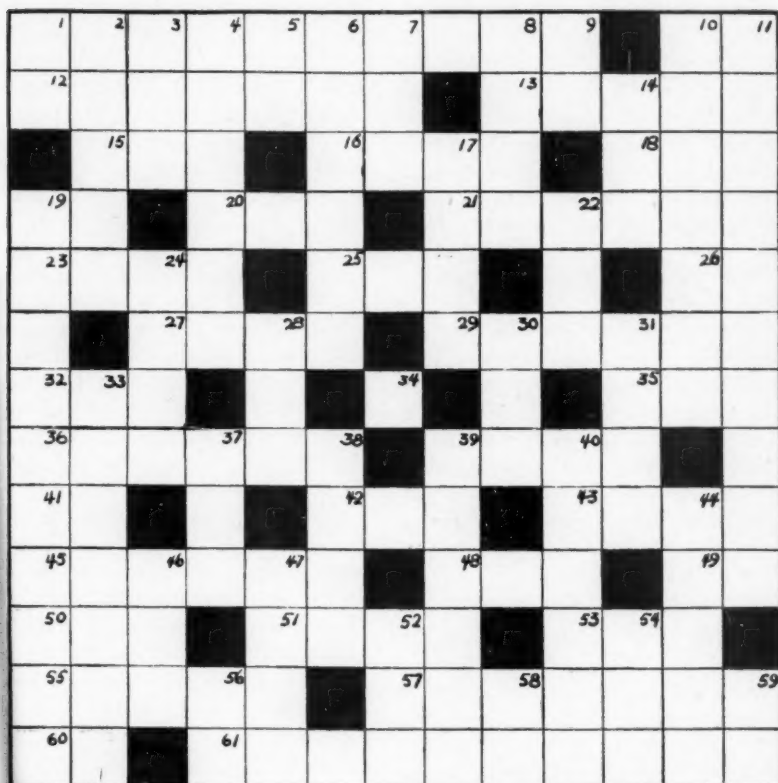
So now at long last it finally comes out what real trouble could be like. But even at that, it's still better than hauling and mauling the cod-trap.

*("New York is a woman's town; women are all over the place, live ones and pictures. The housewife who can always find money in her husband's trousers lives a pretty complete life in New York," says Ron Pollett in the final installment of his unusual study of life in the Big City, out next month.)*

# NEWFOUNDLAND CROSSWORD

by TOM OSBORNE

ANSWER ON PAGE 51



## Clues Across

1. Well-known port in Notre Dame Bay
10. Quiet, please
12. Bureau of self-investigation
13. Proverbial brake
15. Marine scavenger
16. Frenchman's Head
18. Was he Wilde when Commission Government went out
19. Heart's Content (abbr.)
20. Kind of fore-and-aft girl

21. Privileged herring-boat
23. Old school
25. Meadow
26. Kind of link used by St. Pierre fishermen
27. 'Eil
29. Friendly throat-cutters
32. Pitch (black)
34. I'm alone
35. Premier Smallwood's Eloquence (abbr.)
36. Boos

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 39. It will never hurt you. What's in it?                | 38. Of sound mind                        |
| 41. Elevated Railway (abbr.)                             | 39. Northern cape                        |
| 42. Past   | 40. Madman                               |
| 43. They belong in the best circles                      | 44. 1904                                 |
| 45. Well-known port in Trinity Bay                       | 46. From A to—                           |
| 48. What we are given for our money                      | 47. What are these advantages?           |
| 49. Yours truly  | 52. Ace-in-the-hole (it's face-down)     |
| 50. Essay  | 54. Avalon Peninsula Omnipotence (abbr.) |
| 51. Think  | 56. Is that (abbr.)                      |
| 53. Short sentence                                       | 58. Welcome notation on bill (abbr.)     |
| 55. Leaked out   | 59. Two points east (abbr.)              |
| 57. From head to toe                                     |  |
| 60. Nothing New (abbr.)                                  |  |
| 61. It's scattered at Random from Dog Bay to Cape Broyle |  |

### Clues Down

1. Liberal Delinquents (abbr.)
2. Build
3. Small
4. Newfoundland or Vancouver, it's the same thing!
5. Steamship (abbr.)
6. They're welcomed by the flowers in May
7. The good earth of Buchans
8. You who are single
9. Each (abbr.)
10. Drags along (colloq.)
11. You'll find little this in Random Sound
14. Small Crime
17. He got the bum's Russian 1917
19. Farming settlement
22. One times five (abbr.)
24. Single bladed propellers
28. See
30. Girl's name
31. Mimic
33. Flap of the wing
34. One alone
37. Harden





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## SUNSET ON THE EXPLOITS

by EDWARD CREWE

**S**UNSET on the Exploits is an experience for the soul.

From a low-lying bank, across a large expanse of logs, the haze rises quiveringly from the rippling water to the background of a wooded hillside. Towering summer clouds throw shaded patches on the emerald landscape.

The guardian of day and the river itself have remained intact since the beginning of time. The sun in its orbit is untouched, and the river still controls the valley. Its banks are marred and trodden by modern man in his quest for the wealth of nature, but the beauty of the sunset still lingers.

Trailing the Exploits River on its course through central Newfoundland can be found many ideal spots from which to watch a glor-

ious sunset. One of the better known havens along the banks of this historic river is Boom Landing, less than ten miles from the paper town of Grand Falls. This spot, besides giving a perfect view of the setting sun, offers a good perception of the present-day Exploits River.

### Sea of Logs

Off the shore of this picnicking and bathing resort is a sea of water-soaked logs, held in boom by the A.N.D. Company Ltd., after its perilous float down river. It serves as a water storage for the pulpwood before being set loose on its flow into mill pond.

All the more significance is added to the scene by this industrial endeavor. The water, backed by this mammoth wood-boom, makes a lull in the torrential river. Many

visitors to this spot engage in boating and swimming. A paddle splash or a scream of a dabbling youngster breaks the endless calm as the sun sinks in the west.

Shadows stretch far across the river and the heat rises sullenly from the land while the woodpecker at a distance strums its bark instrument. Everything appears to mourn as it ushers in the 'end of a perfect day.'

It is dark on the banks of the river. Most activity is stilled, but the casual angler scoots along the shore and casts his fly on the oiled surface in some quiet nook. He is in search of the speckled trout which have been lured to the shade of the overhanging bramble by the glare of the sun's last rays. The

little fish are taking advantage of the cool stillness. They are lifting their noses above their watery abode in search of the myriad insects that hover on the surface. It's a joy to the sportsman as he lifts one into his basket. After all, that, too, is part of a sunset on the Exploits.

The mighty river draws all classes to its side. Industrialists are forced to use it in the production of paper, sportsmen indulge in the recreation it affords; the aged relax in the shade of the trees on its banks; kiddies bathe in its pure and refreshing water, while the more appreciative and observant enjoy to the fullest the sunset which alone brings out the real beauty of the river.

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FOR MONTHS

## Last Job Done For A Newfoundland Master Builder

**T**HE telephone rang. "Is that Bill Rowe's home? I've just arrived, Skipper—how's chances of getting a job?"

That telephone call to the home of William G. Rowe in Toronto was to be repeated in similar words many times in the 50 years after he left his home in Trinity, Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, to establish as a master of steel erection.

And most of those who called were hired when the first vacancy occurred because he knew that men who climbed aloft in sailing schooners were likely hands for the comparable perils of scaling steel structures. And because, too, he was never known to turn away anyone of any creed or color who needed help.

Testament to this was given abundantly recently when he passed away suddenly, practically in harness, as he would have liked to have gone. Unhonored in an untiring life except for the joy of a job well done, and the pleasure that comes of giving unselfishly without thought of reward, he was mourned by hundreds who knew his works.

Although many miles from his birthplace, his thoughts were always of Newfoundland and one of his unfulfilled ambitions was to return to Trinity Bay and raise up



**THE LATE BILL ROWE**

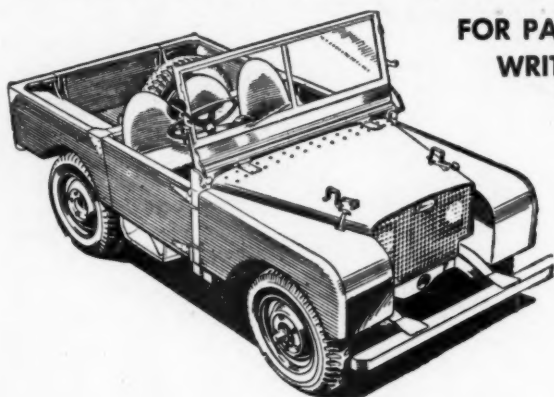
some ancient guns that he often saw as a lad while rowing a punt to the fishing. Only last year he was forced to postpone the undertaking because of bad weather. This was only one of a number of trips he made to visit his friends.

He never ceased to talk of the days when Newfoundland would "come into its own" and there was a gleam in his eye when, since Confederation, he heard the folk songs of his youth over the C.B.C.

For more than 30 years Bill Rowe was erection superintendent of the Disher Steel Construction Co. Ltd. and many large buildings in Canada are a monument to his direction. Only recently, the firm which he had served for so many years, had a job at Gander Airport.

Probably the largest job was the \$10,000,000 Toronto Hospital for Sick Children which was

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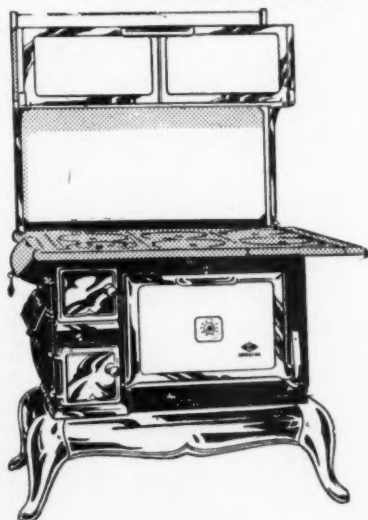
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St. John's.

recently opened. During World War II he worked the hardest in his life. Who can say that he was not a casualty of war? He had enlisted in the Royal Canadian Regiment in the South African war.

His renown as a builder was echoed in an early issue of the Bridgeman's magazine, organ of the International Ironworkers, in a couplet which ran:

"For it's up to Heaven you sure must go

When the order is given by  
Skipper Bill Rowe."

Many are the anecdotes told about various jobs he supervised including the raising of bells in church steeples. On one occasion, the priest advised him that the bells were going to be blessed that day and he didn't need to stay around because "I guess you've blessed them often enough."

Starting a big steel job was a matter of great concern to him

and he could never appreciate the efforts of newsmen to get photographs of the firm beam raised. Either because he feared an untimely incident or didn't want unseemly publicity at an "act of creation," he always outsmarted them by getting the gang on the job several hours before the scheduled time. He was once credited with raising the steel on a Yonge Street drug store in the fastest time on record. And his accident record was one often envied but matched by few.

Besides hundreds of friends in Canada and the U.S., William G. Rowe is mourned by his widow; three sisters: Phoebe Hiscock, Trinity; Deborah Short and Sophie Hayter, Toronto; a brother, Walter, New York; four daughters, Mrs. Hilda Batson, Toronto; Mrs. Oistein Roed, Great Neck, N.Y.; Mrs. E. B. Rowe, Regina; Nora J. Medicine Hat; and three sons, Thomas R., Frank H. and Harry W. W., of Toronto.

## THE MIRACLE HEARING AID OF NAIN

**I**N the small, red-roofed Moravian Mission headquarters of Nain, Labrador, lives an old Eskimo who could put many another church-goer to shame. Grizzled, bent and more than half deaf, he had been coming to the mission church as regularly as clockwork for years—in spite of the fact that he couldn't make out a word preached by the Rev. "Bill" Peacock, and had to borrow the notes of the sermon afterwards.

Deciding such perseverance

should be rewarded, the minister finally set about making him a hearing aid last winter and, the first Sunday he wore the new gadget, the old Eskimo was happier than a kid whose father owned a candy store. He could hear so much better already, he informed the rest of the congregation with a happy grin—which pleased the missionary exceedingly, but left him wondering. The hearing aid had not yet been connected.

—ADELAIDE LEITCH.



Produced by Job Bros. and Co., Ltd., one of the oldest firms in Newfoundland. Hubay quick frozen fillets are becoming more and more well-known in North America. Newfoundland fish, caught in the crystal-clear waters of the North Atlantic, packed and frozen by the quick-freeze method is indeed Seafood par excellence.



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WELCOMES

**ATLANTIC GUARDIAN**

BACK HOME



# The Exile

## A Short Story

by MURIEL SAINT MCKAY

THE boy stood politely in the doorway. He was a little boy, only eight years old, with a thin piquant face, shy gray eyes, and hair that was straight and black and fell like a dark wing over his forehead.

"Stephen, come here and shake hands with Mrs. Clark," his aunt said. "She's our next door neighbor, and you'll be able to run errands for her later. She hasn't any little boy, you know." Her

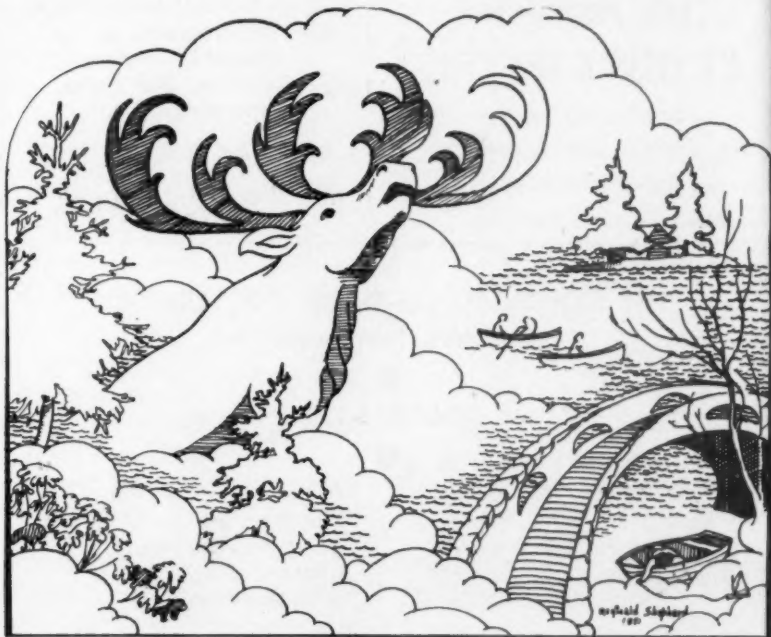
voice was honey-sweet and wheedling.

Gravely he came into the room and offered a small hand. He stood without fidgeting while Mrs. Clark looked him over, making approving clucks with her tongue.

"Think you're going to like it here, Stephen?" she asked without releasing his hand.

The boy shifted his weight to one foot and looked hesitantly at his aunt. "I—don't know," he faltered shyly, swallowing hard at the lump in his throat.

"Of course you will," his aunt interjected hastily. "Why, of





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course! Certainly you'll like it! Wait till you see it here in mid-summer. Such beautiful parks and swimming pools and playgrounds. Everything you've ever wanted."

He withdrew his hand from Mrs. Clark's plump clasp. He wanted to speak and his mouth worked, but the words didn't come. He turned his head away

"He'll fit in just fine after a few more weeks," Mrs. Clark said.

"Of course." His aunt nodded emphatically.

The boy slipped away from them and went to the big window, flattening his nose against the glass. The words he wanted were easy to say now that there was no one listening and he whispered them defiantly to himself. "There were parks home, too. Not down at Grandpa's—you didn't need 'em there. But in St. John's . . . Mom took me before . . ." The lump in his throat grew bigger, cutting short even the whisper.

He was remembering Peter Pan with his pipe and the soldier called The Fighting Newfoundlander—a soldier like his dad. He jerked his head up. "She can say what she likes," he whispered, "but there'll never, never be another park like the one with the Caribou an' Peter Pan an' the Soldier. Never in the world!" He blinked his eyes fast to keep back the tears.

His aunt's voice filled the room. The boy knew she was discussing him.

"After all, what could we do?" she said. "Poor Jim's boy! We didn't know his mother was dead

# ANSWER TO PUZZLE (Page 40)

L	E	W	I	S	P	O	R	T	E	S	H
D	R	E	S	S	E	R	H	A	S	T	E
E	E	L	T	E	T	E	I	R	A		
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E	T	O	N	L	E	A	X	E	T		
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T	A	R	Y	I	D	P	S	E			
H	I	S	S	E	S	N	A	M	E	A	
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O	O	Z	E	D	C	A	P	A	P	I	E
N	N	I	S	L	A	N	D	C	O	V	E

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for a long time, and then when we heard and knew her people had taken Stephen to that little hole-in-the-wall place—well, I just kept on at Harold to go for him, believe me!”

“Well, well!” came Mrs. Clark’s condoling tones.

“Two years they had him down there. Two years! Nothing but fish and fog. They had a house in St. John’s before his mother died. Jim bought it before he went overseas. It was on Gower Avenue—no! I think it was Church Street. Anyway, it had something to do with a church. Harold explained it to me but I’ve forgotten. Wasn’t much concerned over the details. Harold said it was nice, but I don’t know. Never wanted to go farther east than Montreal myself. Sometimes I think Harold’s descriptions are a bit rosy. Just because he was brought up down there he’s inclined to be prejudiced.”

“Naturally, so,” offered Mrs. Clark.

“I suppose. Anyway, Stephen’ll be grateful when he’s old enough to realize what we did for him.”

“He’s very quiet, isn’t he?”

“Just shy. He talked a lot first. Then I tried to correct some of the queer words he’d picked up at his grandfather’s. He hasn’t taked much since.”

“A pity!” Mrs. Clark sympathized.

“Yes. Harold was dreadfully annoyed with me, but I only did it

for his own good. He has to learn how to take these things.”

The boy pulled the heavy drapes around him, muffling the sound of their voices. Cupping his mouth in his hands he blew his breath over the window and a mist formed on the cool surface. With the stubby tip of his forefinger he began to sketch the hull of a ship. Skilfully he added the sails and rigging, taking particular pains with the gaff-mainsail and top-sail. He made lines to represent hills on either side and a big swirl with his finger mapped out a land-locked harbor.

“Comin’ in to the Narrows. All hands on deck,” he whispered, playing a game with himself. Suddenly the lump in his throat tightened. He drew his sleeve across the window and with the one movement wiped out his work.

“Stephen,” his aunt said, “keep away from the drapes, there’s a good boy.”

He winced as if she had struck him, but he obeyed her. The drapes fell softly back in place, and he was caught up again in their seemingly endless conversation about him.

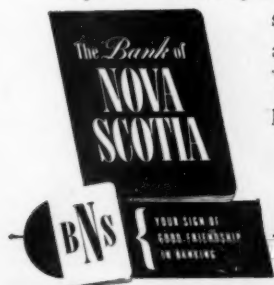
“If poor Jim had seen the place where his son was being brought up—well, I don’t know what he would have said. Not that I saw it myself, of course, but I’ve a good imagination. Can’t you just picture it? Rocks and hills and pokey little houses huddled down by the edge of the sea! It must have



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ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

## **GUARDIAN of the Home**





been a nightmare for the poor little tyke."

"I hope the grandparents appreciated what you did."

"I hope so. They didn't want to give him up first when I wrote, but as Jim's only sister I insisted on it."

"They wouldn't want to stand in the way of a better opportunity in life for him."

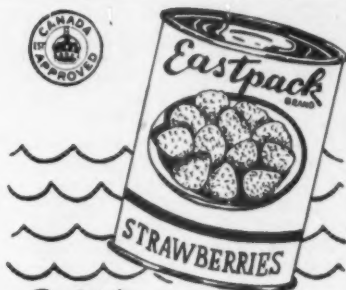
"I told them that. Imagine growing up with nothing but ships and sea and fish around you!"

"Well," said Mrs. Clark, "you've done your good deed in life and got a fine boy in the bargain."

"That's what I say. Why, even Harold admitted Stephen's grandfather's house was inconvenient."

The boy blew against the window again in quick, hot little breaths. Rapidly he drew a house with a big chimney and smoke curling upwards. He could almost smell the smoke. Pungent wood smoke that warmed him inside. Nothing but ships and sea and fish! What else did they want? Did they want a park down there when you had miles of beach to explore, and woods running down to the edge of the road? Did they want traffic lights and street cars?

Mrs. Clark leaned forward. "My dear," she said, "should we be



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talking like this? I mean he can hear us. Do you think it might bother him?"

"Bother him?" his aunt laughed. "Oh, no. He's only eight. He doesn't even hear. He just stays for hours drawing like that. My dear, when I think what I've saved him from . . ."

The boy jabbed his finger fiercely against the glass and drew it downward, making a harsh sound.

"Well, really, Stephen," his aunt said, "hadn't you better put on your coat and go outside and play? With all the things a little boy can do in a big city like Toronto you just want to stand there and draw ships and houses."

His face flushed. Unobtrusively he slipped out of the room. His aunt's voice followed him.

"Honestly some times I don't know what to think. If it weren't so utterly absurd I'd say he's even sorry we took him away from that God-forsaken place. You'd almost think he'd rather be back there than right here in the heart of Toronto . . ."

The boy pulled open the back door and stepped out into the cool spring air. He muffled his ears close into the warmth of his up-turned collar and turned resolutely towards the street. If he stood on the corner and closed his eyes he could make believe the traffic noise was the sea beating against the rocks, that the church steeples in the next block were the masts of his grandfathers' ship. Yes, he could make believe, and then, perhaps, the lump in his throat would go away.

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has humanity yet achieved  
glory, beauty, truth,  
knowledge, virtue  
and abiding love."*

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

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